A Knave at the Bottom, The Dealer's ſure of a Trump.

YE Merry Heart's that love to Play,
At Cards, ſee who hath won the Day;
You that once did ſadly Sing,
The Knave of Club's has won the King:
Now more happy Times we have,
The King hath overcome the Knave, &c.

Not long ago a Game was Plaid,
When three Crown's at the Stake was laid;
England had no cauſe to Boaſt,
Knaves won that which King's had loſt:
Coaches gave the Way to Cart's,
And Club's were better Card's than Heart's, &c.

Old *Noll* was the Knave o'th' Club's,
And Dad of ſuch as Preach in Tub's?
Braaſhaw, *Ireton*, and *Pride*,
Were three other Knaves beſide:
And they play'd with half a Pack,
Throwing out, *all Card's but Black*, &c.

But the juſt Fate's threw theſe four out,
Which made the Loyal Party ſhout;
The Pope would fain have had the Stock,
And with the Card's have whip'd his Dock:
But ſoon the Devil, theſe Card's inaches,
To dip in Brimſtone, *and make Matche's*, &c.

But ſtill the Sport for to Maintain,
Bold *Lambert*, *Haſlerige* and *Vain*,
With one Ey'd *Hewſon*, took their Places,
Knaves were better Card's than Ace's:
But *Fleetwood* he himſelf did ſave,
Becauſe he was more Fool than Knave, &c.

Cromwell, tho' he ſo much had won,
Yet he had an unluckly Son;
He ſit's ſtill and not Regards,
Whilſt cunning Gameſter's ſet the Card's:
And thus, alas poor ſilly *Dick*,
He play'd a while and loſt his Trick, &c.

The Rumper's that had won whole Towns,
The ſpoil of *Martyr's*, and of Crown;
Were not contented but grew Rough,
As though they had not won Enough:
They kept the Card's ſtill in their Hands,
To play for Tythes, *and College Bands*, &c.

The Presbyters began to fret,
That they were like to loſe their Set?
Unto the Rump they did Appeal,
And ſaid it was their turn to Deal:
Then Deal the Decenters: But,
The Army ſwears they will Cut, &c.

The Foreign Lands began to wonder,
To ſee what Gallant's we liv'd under;
That thoſe which Chriſtmas did forſwear,
Should follw Gaming all the Year!

Nay more which was the ſtrangeſt thing,
To play ſo long without a King, &c.

The bold Phanatick preſent were,
Like Butlers with their Boxes there;
Not doubting but that every Game,
Some profit would redound to them:
Becauſe theſe were Gameſters Minion's,
And e'ery Day broach'd new Opinions, &c.

But Cheſhire Men (as Stories ſay)
Begun to ſhow them Gameſter's Play:
Brave Booth, and all his Army ſtarves,
To ſave their Stakes, or loſe their Lives?
But oh! ſad Fate they were undone,
By playing of their Card's too ſoon, &c.

Thus all the while a Club was Trump,
There's none could ever beat the Rump;
Until a noble General came,
And gave the Cheaters a clear Slam:
His fingers did Out-wit their Noddy,
And ſow'd up poor Jack Lamerth Looby, &c.

Then Heſteridge begun to Scold,
And ſaid the General play'd Foul;
Look to him Partner's for I tell ye,
This Monk has got a King in's Belly:
Not ſo ſays Monk, but I believe,
Sir Author has got a Knave in Sleeve, &c.

When General Monk did underſtand,
The Rump were peeping into's Hand:
He wiſely kept his Card's from ſight,
Which put the Rump into a Fright?
He ſaw how many were betray'd,
That ſhew'd their Card's before they play'd, &c.

At length quoth he ſome Card's we Lack,
I will not play with half a Pack;
What you Caſt out, I will bring in,
And a new Game we will begin:
With that the Standers by did ſay,
They never yet ſaw fairer Play, &c.

But preſently this Game was paſt,
And for a ſecond Knaves was Caſt;
All new Card's, not ſtain'd with Spots,
As was the Rumpers and the Scots:
Here good Gameſters play'd their Parts,
And turned up the King of Hearts, &c.

After this Game was done I think,
The Standers by had cauſe to Drink;
And Loyal Subjects ſing,
Farewell Knave and welcome King:
For till we ſaw the King return'd,
We wiſh'd the Chara's had all been Burn'd, &c.

London: Printed, by J. Ranger, in the